

WEIRD! FANTASTIC! ASTOUNDING!

BAFFLING

NOV.

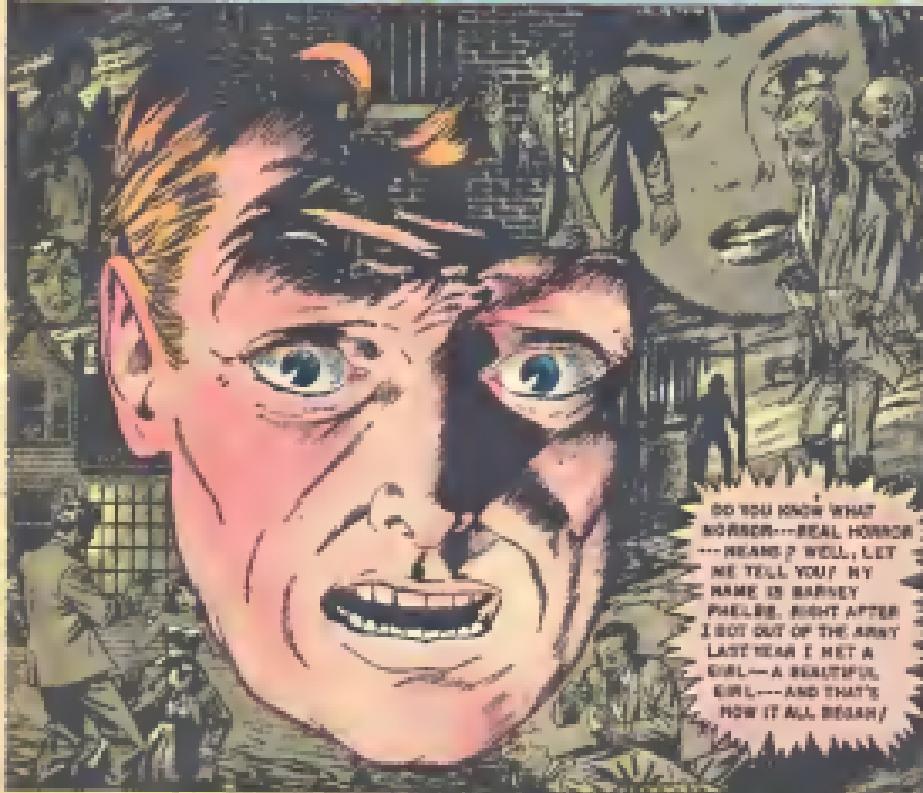
10c

MYSTERIES

ATTACK HIM, MY PETS!
AND NOW, WORLDLY CREATURE,
WILL YOU AGREE TO BE MY
CONSORT-- OR WILL YOU DIE
BY THE STINGS OF MY DEATH'S
HEAD MOTHS?



6 of me ON THE PROWL



DO YOU KNOW WHAT
MURDER---REAL HORROR
---MEANS? WELL, LET
ME TELL YOU. MY
NAME IS BARNEY
PAULINE. RIGHT AFTER
I GOT OUT OF THE ARMY
LAST YEAR I MET A
GIRL---A BEAUTIFUL
GIRL---AND THAT'S
HOW IT ALL BEGAN!

ROCK ALMIGHTY
WAS JUST ABOUT
THE MOST SENSIBLE
THING I'D EVER
SEEN. SHE WAS A
SOCIALITE.
WHEN SHE TOLD ME
I HAD BUILT LIKE
A GREEN GOD AND
ASKED ME TO
POSE FOR HER,
I HELD OUT MY
DOME TO ROLL UP
A CHANCE TO BE
NEAR A GIRL, LIKE
THAT. AND SO I
ACCEPTED. WHAT
WOULD YOU HAVE
DONE?

I FELL DEEPLY UNDER ANGELA'S SPELL, BUT I
HAD A PREMONITION I WAS GETTING INTO SOMETHING
NOTH'N' CONSIDERABO.

YOU SAY YOU
LOVE ME, BARNEY, BUT WOULD YOU BE WILLIN'
TO PROVE IT? WOULD YOU DO ANYTHING I ASKED?
WOULD YOU STEAL... MURDER? WOULD YOU
COMMIT ANY CRIME I
ASKED YOU TO?

YOU'RE RIDIN',
SHEAY BET.



OF COURSE, I'M KIDDIN' NOW.
LET'S GO TO THE STUDIO. I
WANT YOU TO SEE YOURSELF
IN GLAY.



IN THE STUDIO...

THERE / YOUR HEAD IS
COMPLETED / AND A VERY
BANALIC HEAD IT IS /
IT WON'T TAKE ME MUCH
LONGER TO FINISH THE
REST OF IT /

BUT WHY
HAVE SIS
OF ME?

SO MANY THINGS CAN
HAPPEN AROUND A
STUDIO, CARLISLE / I
ALWAYS MAKE DUPLICATES...
...THEN IF AN
ACCIDENT HAPPENS
TO ONE, I ALWAYS
HAVE ANOTHER TO
WORK ON /

I DON'T IF THERE
COULD BE THAT
MANY ACCIDENTS /
AND IT'S A LITTLE
STARTLING TO
SEE SO MANY OF
MYSELF /

AN UNKNOWN PRESENCE SUDDENLY MADE ITSELF KNOWN.

DO NOT WAIT UNTIL THE
REAL HORROR BEGINS /
GET OUT NOW, FOOLY
LEAVE ORBIS WHILE
THERE IS YET TIME /

MURKIE! SO NOW YOU
HIDE IN MY STUDIO AND
LISTEN / YOU SHALL PAY
FOR THIS! DR. HORROR
WILL BE HERE SHORTLY
AND HE WILL DEAL
WITH YOU /

HOY HOY I SEE
OF YOU! IT WILL
NOT HAPPEN
AGAIN... I
SWEAR IT!

YIPES! WHO DAB THAT UP?
IT DOESN'T EVEN LOOK HUMAN!
BUT IT WAS TRYING TO WARN
ME ABOUT SOMETHING... SAY,
WHAT GOES ON HERE, SWEAT?

I HEAVILY ANXIOUS LOOKED AT HER THEN
MADE IT HARD TO THINK OF ANYTHING
BUT HER BEAUTY.

DR. MURKIE, THAT'S ONLY MURKIE! A
POOR HALF-WIT MY UNCLE EXPRESSED.
HE'S USUALLY HARMLESS SO I HATE HIM
A LOT QUASHING UP... BUT SOMETIMES
HE HAS STRANGE IDEAS... LIKE NOW...
AND THEN ONLY MY LITTLE CAN
DEAL WITH HIM.

WHAT MURKIE SAID ABOUT
FURTHER REVERSE LINE
IT WAS ON THE UP-AND-
UP, BUT SOMEHOW IT
WAS HARD TO FORGET
A WEIRD-LOOKING BOY
LIKE THAT! AND
ACTHOUGH JDO NEVER
SAID ANYTHING TO HER
ABOUT IT... I HADN'T
TOLD DR. MURKIE, HE
WASN'T THE SON OF
DOCTOR JDO HAD
RANING AROUND MY
BEDROOM IF I WAS
SICK...

BUT AS I LEFT MURKIE'S STUDIO I HAD A
FORY ACCIDENT... AND IT JUST HAPPENED
THAT DR. HORROR WAS THERE TO TAKE
OVER.

HOW DO YOU
DO, MY BOY? WHAT A
PITY YOU'RE LEAVING
SO SOON! MY HECE AND
I BOTH FIND YOU TO
INTERESTING!



AT THAT MOMENT SOMETHING HIT ME ON THE HEAD! JUST BEFORE I PATTED OUT TO HAVE SHOWN I HEARD THE SOUND OF MERA'S LAUGHTER!



YOU HAVE THE SCULPTOR'S TRAINED EYE FOR ACCURACY, MY DEAR NEPHI!

WHILE I WAS SAYING I DIDN'T MEET THE HOUSE OF MERA AND HER UNCLE.

WHAT NOW WHEN I STITCH THE WOUND AND MEND IT, YOUR FRIEND WILL NEVER MISS THE FEW BITS OF Tissue CULTURE AND CELLS WE REMOVED?

IM SURE THIS TIME OUR PROJECT WILL BE A SUCCESS!



BAH!!

WE HAVE JUST FINISHED IN TIME! HERE.. FINISH WITH YOUR CLAY WE HAVE ALL THAT WE NEED TO BEND TO LIFE THE DUPLICATE STATUE YOU MADE OF BARNETT!



WHEN I OPENED MY EYES, MERA WAS SITTING OVER ME . . .

POOR CARL BEFORE ONE OF MY STATUES CAME LOOSE AND FELL ON YOU! IT WAS LUCKY UNCLE MORAN WAS SITTING HERE TO PATCH YOU UP!

WOW MY HEAD!



I INSIST YOU GO RIGHT HOME TO HER. YOU MUSTN'T EVER THINK OF TRYING TO TAKE HER TO GINGER TONIGHT AS WE PLANNED. I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE IN THE STUDIO AND WORK ON YOUR STATUES INSTEAD.

I DO FEEL A LITTLE GROGTY.



PUT OUTSIDE...

IF YOU LEAVE NOW, YOU ARE LOST! THERE'S STILL A CHANCE TO SAVE YOURSELF SO RACE QUICKLY... CRUSH THE IMAGES MADE IN YOUR LIKENESS BEFORE THEY BECOME ALIVE! KILL THE EVIL, ENCHANTRESS AND HER UNCLE!



THE POOR GUY IS WITTEN THAN A FRUITCAKE!

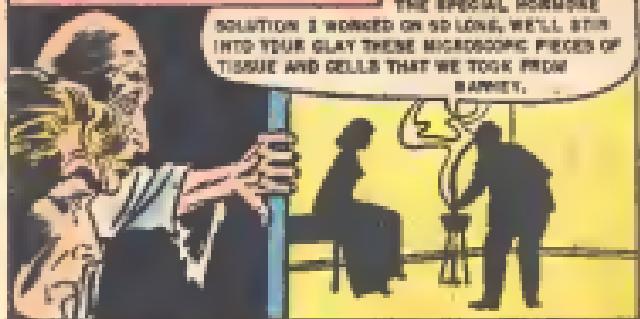
YOU THINK I'M CRAZY... BUT I'M NOT! SO BASIC! SEE FOR YOURSELF! OTHERWISE, YOU ARE DOOMED TO COMPLETE DESTRUCTION! OR EVEN WORSE... YOU WILL BECOME A CREATURE SUCH AS I!



RODGER, BARNET AND FORTZ LISTEN...

NOW THAT WE'VE ADDED THE SPECIAL HORMONE SOLUTION I WORKED ON SO LONG, WE'LL STIR INTO YOUR CLAY THESE MICROSCOPIC PIECES OF TISSUE AND CELLS THAT WE TOOK FROM BARNET.

MY EXPERIMENTS IN TISSUE CULTURE AND EMBRYOLOGY HAVE PROVEN THAT THESE SITES OF CELL AND TISSUE CAN GENERATE LIFE AND DUPLICATE THEMSELVES AND FORM IN THE CLAY A LIVING BEING!



THEY'LL SHAPE THE ABERRANT CLAY OF PHOTOPLAZMING MATTER INTO A DUPLICATE OF THE INDIVIDUAL FROM WHOM THE CELLS AND TISSUE WERE TAKEN.

WHEN I USE THIS TO FINISH THE FIGURES OF BARNET, I'LL HAVE SIX BOULESS BEINGS---MINE TO COMMAND AND OBEY---ONLY THE ONE WHO CREATED THEM----MYSELF!



FINALLY BARNET COULD NO LONGER CONTAIN HIMSELF...

EVERYTHING SOUNDS CRAZY BUT AS SOON AS I BRASH THOSE MEADS OF MYSELF, I'LL GET RID OF THIS STUFF, TOO, AND I'LL HAVE A LITTLE TALK!



I GRABBED UP A SCULPTOR'S MALLETS AND STARTED TOWARD THE STATUE...

THE CLAY MUST BE RAISED FIRST. THEN I'LL HELP YOU WITH THIS YOUNG FOOL!

IF YOU'VE GOT IT TOO FAR NOT BEEN SO BRIGHT, YOU MIGHT HAVE KEPT YOUR FREEDOM! AT LEAST UNTIL I WAS THROUGH WITH YOU!



AS I FELT MYSELF DRAWN INTO DARKNESS, EVIL LIGHTER FOLLOWED ME...

NOW, MY HANDSOME ONE, YOU WILL GO DOWN WITH THOSE OTHERS WHO TRIED TO ESCAPE MY SPELL! HAHAHA!



HOME AGAIN, BURN. I RECOVERED MY SENSES, I THOUGHT I HAD WAKED UP IN A NIGHTMARE!

WHY? WHERE AM I? WHAT KIND OF HORRORS ARE THESE?



THESE CREATURES ARE THE SAME AS I...UNSUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS OF RHEA AND HER UNCLE TO PRODUCE DUPLICATES OF LIVING PEOPLE! LIKE YOU, WE FELL FOR RHEA'S BEAUTY WHILE SHE AND HER UNCLE PREPARED TO USE US FOR THEIR EVIL PURPOSES!



THEY FAILED...AND I BECAME THIS HALF-HUMAN CREATURE THEY MADE INTO A SLAVE. WHEN THEY WISH TO PUNISH ME, OR NEED SOME HUMAN PART FOR AN EXPERIMENT, THE DOCTOR TAKES MORE OF MY LIFE FROM ME...



NOW THEY THINK THEY'RE ON THE RIGHT TRACK...AND YOU'RE EXACTLY THE PROBABLY SPECIMEN--TOUGH AND RUGGED--THEY WANT!

I STILL DON'T GET IT...BUT I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE! AND THIS TIME I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHAT RHEA'S...



IT'S TOO LATE FOR US...BUT I TRIED TO SAVE YOU! NOW IT MAY BE TOO LATE! YOUR ONLY CHANCE WAS TO KEEP HER FROM BRINGING YOUR DUPLICATES TO LIFE!



HOW CRAZY CAN YOU GET? I'M NOT AFRAID OF A LOT OF STATUES!

BUT I WAS AFRAID...AND I KNEW IT! I SMASHED THE CELLAR DOOR AND RACED UP THE STAIRS TO THE STUDIO. I'D FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT MY HEAD HURTING!

THIS TIME I'LL KEEP MY EYES OPEN. I WON'T GIVE RHEA OR HER UNCLE A CHANCE TO BREAK UP ON ME!



THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES, AS I PAREN OPEN THE STUDIO DOOR, MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD!

IT'S ME! I CREATED ALL OF YOU! I BROUGHT YOU TO LIFE! YOU ARE MINE! I WILL DO WHATEVER I COMMAND YOU TO DO!

HEH...
HEH... HEH!



AS I WATCHED AND LISTENED, I WAS HELD IN THE GRIP OF OVERWHELMING HORROR, EVER THE VOICE THAT SPOKE WAS MINE!

IF I SEE A STRING OF PEARLS I LIKE, ONE OF YOU WILL STEAL IT FOR ME! IF I PLAN A BANK ROBBERY, YOU WILL CARRY IT THROUGH! IF I HAVE AN ENEMY TO BE KILLED,

YOU WILL DO IT!

WE DO AS YOU COMMAND!



YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS! THOSE THINGS ROBBED AND MURDERED... AND I'LL BE BLAMED! BUT THEY'RE GONE... I'LL BREAK THEM TO BITS!

THEY ARE ALREADY LONG GONE! THEY HAVE LOST LIFE FROM YOUR OWN FISTS! AND NOW, FOOL, YOU SHALL DIE! I'LL KILL HIM, MY CREATURES!

THEY DON'T KNOW WHICH ONE IS ME! OHWW! THEY FIGHT JUST LIKE I DO! THEY KNOW ALL MY TRICKS!

WITLESS GHOSES YOU ARE HITTING EACH OTHER!



THAT IS THE REAL BARNEY! YOU WHO ARE FIGHTING HIM, CONTINUE TO THE DEATH! THE REST OF YOU... GET OUT!

BEST OF ALL THE SORRY THINGS I— I NEVER THOUGHT I'D FIND MYSELF FIGHTING MYSELF!



I CAN AFFORD TO SACRIFICE ONE OF YOUR DUPLICATES TO GET RID OF YOU, BARNEY! FIGHT IT OUT WITH YOURSELF! HAHAH! I'M SETTING FIRE TO THE STUDIO... AND NEITHER ONE OF YOU WILL EVER LEAVE!



THIS—HE—WHATEVER IT IS... YOUR STRENGTH IS EQUAL! IT'S MY STRENGTH! I—I CAN'T BREAK ITS HOLD! LET GO, YOU CRAZY FOOL! YOU'RE PART OF ME... AND YOU'RE DESTROYING ME!



Suddenly a figure leaped through the flames and onto the back of the train! I was frightened...

From your voice, I know this is hot! You can escape now! When the studio burns the creatures in the cellar and I will burn with it... and that is best! Thank, pal! You must have been a real gentleman!



I was a hunted man and didn't dare show my face!

I've got this old arm gun. If only I can find those things that look like me. I can kill them—the ones that haven't been killed already! It—it's kind of funny to be out hunting for yourself!



After I shot Akela, I wasn't been able to move...

You—you've killed my uncle... You—you've killed me, too! But my power will not die while one of them duplicate of lives remains! Now send them my last command—murder—kill—destroy... all those you meet—until you, yourselves are destroyed! Brakka...



As I ran down the street and saw the burning studio behind me, it seemed funny to think that some—some that looked just like me—that had made from part of me was born up in those flames!



I was someone for something else, too... and at last I caught up with them.

You'll make no more duplicate of me!



They got me for the murder of Akela and her uncle! But when I tell them there are more of me out there, they think I'm nuts! Maybe I am nuts! But even if they keep me here for life... watch out for me... those others are still out there! Don't let them get near you!



But there was nothing funny about my life in the days that followed; I knew that Akela and those duplicates of me were at work!

MOST WANTED CRIMINAL STRIKES AGAIN!



Barney Phelps,

robber who turned his face and gangster-like up another bank, this double Wilson—prized, say they thought police had finally tracked him during last robbery.

WANTED FOR MURDER!

WANTED FOR FORGERY!

WANTED FOR POST OFFICE ROBBERY!



THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

• 29

IN HIS DRESSING ROOM BACKSTAGE ONE NIGHT...

I HAVE COMPOSED A CONCERTO FOR YOUR ACT.
IT IS CALLED THE "DRIVING PUPPET!"

PLAY IT FOR ME!



IN A DILTY WAREHOUSE OF AN OPERA HOUSE IN EUROPE, HADNE A LIFE-ELT, ALMOST HUMAN LOOKING PUPPET UNTOUCHED FOR YEARS, IT REMAINS AS A FANTASTIC SYMBOL OF A SUPERNATURAL EVENT THAT SHOCKED THE CONTINENT. IN THE LATE NINETEENTH CENTURY WHEN A PUPPETEER CAME TO PLAY A PERFORMANCE AT THE THEATRE...

THE SCARY LOOKING MUSICIAN TOOK HIS VIOLIN IN HAND AND BEGAN PLAYING A HORRIFICO CONCERTO, MACABRE, SATANIC...



UNABLE TO SILENCE THE MACABRE MUSIC, THE PUPPETEER TURNED FOR HIS TORMENTOR...



I'LL PUT HIS BODY IN THIS TRUNK! IT IS TIME FOR MY ACT!



THE ACT BEGAN WELL UNTIL THE MIDDLE OF THE PERFORMANCE WHEN THE FIGURE OF THE MAN HE HAD SLAIN AROSE IN THE ORCHESTRA PIT WITH HIS VIOLIN AND BEGAN PLAYING HIS MACABRE CONCERTO. SUDDENLY, THE PUPPETEER BEHELD A SIGHT THAT COULD NEVER BE FORGOTTEN...



THE AUTHORITIES RUSHED ON STAGE TO EXAMINE THE PUPPETEER. THEY FOUND HIM TO BE A FROZEN STATE OF ANIMATION THAT NO MEDICAL MAN COULD EXPLAIN. HE HAD BECOME A BLOCK OF WOOD RESEMBLING ONE OF HIS OWN PUPPETS. THE PUPPETS AND THEIR MASTER WERE BURIED IN THE STOPLHOUSE AND FORGOTTEN. BUT - AMONG THE STUDIES OF THE SATANIC TRUTH, THIS EVENT REMAINS AN UNFORGETTABLE PHENOMENON IN THE RANKS OF THE SUPERNATURAL...

THE END

12 HOURS TO DOOM

WHAT KIND OF CREATURE
ARE YOU? WHERE DID YOU
COME FROM?

I AM CHRONOS, THE SPIRIT OF TIME /
DO NOT DESTROY THE SACRED SUN DIAL /
COME CLOSER AND I SHALL INITIATE YOU
INTO THE MYSTERIES OF TIME WHICH YOU
TURMOIL SO HOTLY!

9

8



3

5

TIME SAVER, INC., HAD THE
OBSESSION OF ARTHUR
MATLIN, ITS CHIEFARCHON.
TO FOREST TIME, TO OVER-
TAKE IT, WAS A MABA WHICH
WAN. BUT NOT SO WALLACE
GARNER, THE FAT, GOOD-
NATURED MONEY-MAN
BEHIND THE CHIEFARCHON,
WHOM MATLIN LOATHED FOR
 HIS ALLEGED IMPROFICIENCY.
ONE DAY, MATLIN SHOUT,
TIME SAVER, INC. WOULD BE
 HIS ALONE! THE DAY CAME
SOONER THAN EXPECTED,
WITH TIME SPINNING THE
DOOR TO MURDER, BARE
CLOSING A TRAP WHICH
NOT EVEN THE EVIL
GENIUS OF MATLIN
COULD PUT OPEN...

IT HAD ALL BETTER ENDAR...
BACK IN THE SOCIETY.

YOU'RE WASTING TIME, WALLACE /
IT'S TWO-FOURTEEN FIFTH AND I
HAVE TO LEAVE FOR CHINA IN TWO
HOURS! WHAT DO YOU WANT?

NOTHING! I DROPPED IN TO
BE FRIENDLY, CHAT A LITTLE/
BUT YOU—ALL YOURS INTER-
ESTED IS IN TIME! EVERY
MOMENT COUNTS! YOU'RE A
RECHARGED, NOT-A MAN!



AND YOU'RE A WASTREL! TIME
MEANS WORKING TO YOU! I MADE
TIME SAVER, INC., THE BEST-EFFI-
CIENT CORPORATION

I KNOW...
BUT LOOK WHAT
IT'S DONE TO YOU! YOU DON'T
LIVE ANYMORE, JUST CHASE
TIME! WELL, I HOPE THIS
JAPANESE GEAR SLOW YOU
DOWN. THEY DON'T COUNT
MINUTES THERE!



LATER, ABOARD A PLANE Bound
FOR DRAKON ON THE ARABIAN SEA...

IF I COULD ONLY GET RID OF
THAT FAT SLOB, WALLACE ! HE'S
A SAIL AND SWIM AROUND MY
FLEET ! IT WAS HIS MONEY THAT
STARTED THE BUSINESS, BUT
NOW I DON'T NEED HIM !



AS THE LABORER DISAPPEARED,
MATLIN TURNED BACK TO THE
SARCOPHAGUS.

WHAT DEVILISH THING IS THAT
PEERING FROM THE SARCOPHAGUS ? IT'S
RECKLESS
TO ME ! COME HERE,
ARTHUR MATLIN !
CLOSELY I, CHRONOS, THE TIME SPIT, WILL
UNLOCK THE SECRETS OF
TIME TO YOU !



MATLIN STARTED HIS JOB IN DRAKON
BY DESTROYING EVERY ANCIENT TIME-
KEEPING DEVICE. DAY ONE, AN
ANCIENT SURGICAL REVISION TO



I'LL SMASH IT TO POWDER !
WHAT ARE YOU STARING AT ? GO
GET SOME DYNAMITE, YOU FOOL !

AT ONCE, EFFENDI !

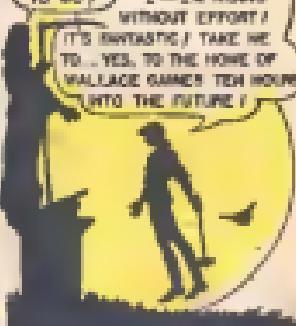


SO LONG AS THIS SACRED SARCOPHAGUS
REMAINS INTACT, I GRANT YOU
POWER TO PIERCE THE FUTURE,
TWELVE HOURS FORWARD IN TIME !



FIRST YOU MOUNT THE MYSTIC
SARCOPHAGUS WHICH WILL PROPEL YOU
INTO THE FUTURE ! NOW, WHERE
DO YOU WISH

TO GO ? I — I'M RUSHING
WITHOUT EFFORT !
IT'S BREATHTAKING ! TAKE ME
TO... YES, TO THE HOME OF
WALLACE, GARDEN TEN HOURS
INTO THE FUTURE !



WHAT ARE ALL THESE DEAD MEN DOWN HERE? THEY LOOK LIKE CRIMINALS! AND THERE'S ALL BLOODY! WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

THESE ARE THE SPECTRES OF THE FUTURE... THE DAMNED, SOON TO DIE! LET US GO ON!



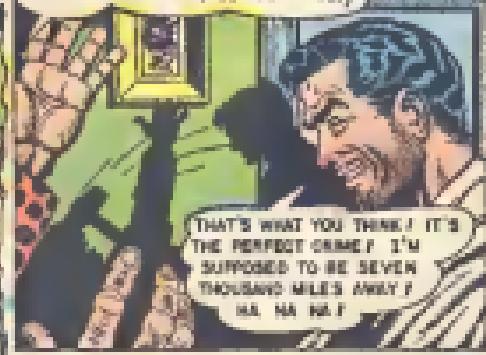
SOOTY MARTIN FOUND HIMSELF IN WALLACE BARRET'S APARTMENT. WALLACE AROSE IN FEBRUE.

DON'T, MARTIN! I'LL NEVER GET AWAY FROM THIS... AAAAAARGH!



I'VE COME BACK TO
RESOLVE THE PARTNER-
SHIP... WITH YOUR BLOOD!
I WON'T BE TIED DOWN
ANYMORE BY YOUR
STUDIO INEFFICIENCY!

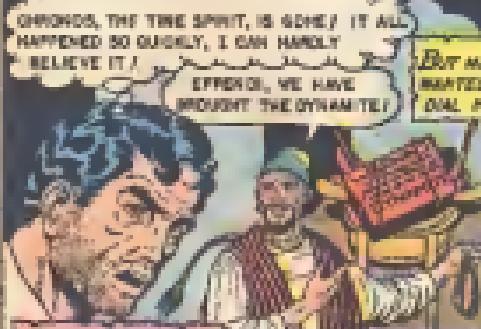
WHAT THE... MARTIN! YOU'RE
SUPPOSED TO BE IN DUBLIN NOW!
DID YOU GET HERE?



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! IT'S
THE PERFECT CRIME! I'M
SUPPOSED TO BE SEVEN
THOUSAND MILES AWAY!
HA HA HA!

LEAVING HIS VICTIM, MARTIN WHEELED THRUH
TIME BACK TO THE PRESENT IN OWN

YOU DO NOT WANT THE SUNDIAL DESTROYED?
YOU SAID TO...



THE NEXT DAY, MARTIN RECEIVED A TELEGRAM
URGING HIM TO RETURN
HOME AT ONCE.

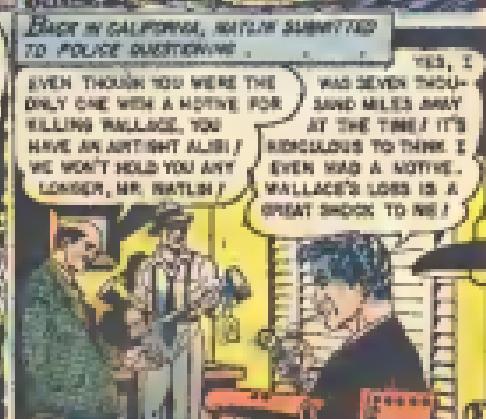
BUT MARTIN NOW
WANTED THE SUN-
DIAL INTACT...

I MUST, YOUR HIGHNESS!
BUT I'M PLACING THE
WORK IN THE HANDS OF
YOUR OWN ENGINEER,
MAHAN! HE HAS ALL MY
PLANS! EVERYTHING WILL
BE CARried OUT PROPERLY!

THIS IS SHOCKING NEWS.
I'M SORRY TO HEAR THAT
YOUR PARTNER HAS BEEN
MURDERED! OF COURSE,
YOU ARE LEAVING?



I'VE CHANGED MY MIND.
PUT THE SUNDIAL IN STORAGE IN
MY OWN ROOM! — I WANT TO
STUDY WHAT IT'S MADE OF!



BACK IN CALIFORNIA, MARTIN SUBMITTED
TO POLICE QUESTIONING.

EVEN THOUGH YOU WERE THE
ONLY ONE WITH A MOTIVE FOR
KILLING WALLACE, YOU
HAVE AN ALIBI ALIBI!
WE WON'T HOLD YOU ANY
LONGER, MR. MARTIN!

YES, I
WAS SEVEN THOU-
SAND MILES AWAY
AT THE TIME! IT'S
INCREDIBLE TO THINK I
EVEN HAD A MOTIVE.
WALLACE'S LOSS IS A
GREAT SHOCK TO ME!

MATLIN HAD BROUGHT THE ANCIENT JEWELRY WITH HIM. AS HE STUDIED THE TIME BARRIER, HE FOUND ACCOUNTS OF HIS BARGAINS...

WALLACE TOOK CARE OF ALL OUR BUSINESS DEALS. ORDERS HAVE FALLEN OFF SINCE HIS DEATH. I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING! CHRONOS IS THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME...

MATLIN WORKED DARKLY, SAMOTONIAN ASSEMBLY LINES AND MACHINERY TO ACQUIRE RECOVERY OF HIS TIME-SAVE DEVICE...

I'VE DONE ENOUGH DAMAGE TO INSURE A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS WORTH OF ORDERS. THIS ASSEMBLY LINE WILL NEVER WORK AGAIN...

I HAVE NO CONTROL OVER THE EVIL YOU DO, MATLIN. ONLY TIME WILL TELL WHAT THE OUTCOME WILL BE...

WHAT DO YOU CALL UPON CHRONOS, MORTAL?

I WISH TO TRAVEL INTO THE FUTURE A SHORT DISTANCE. I HAVE MUCH WORK TO DO. TAKE ME TO THE UNITED AIRPLANE PLANTS IMMEDIATELY!

THE NEXT MORNING MATLIN SUMMONED THE TIME SPirit...

NOT SUDDENLY, AS MATLIN TURNED TO LEAVE...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THIS FACTORY? STOP OR I'LL SHOOT YOU, DIRTY SAMOTONIAN!



A DARK MATLIN HURLED THROUGH THE TIME BARRIER AND FOUND HIMSELF IN HIS OWN BARRIER...

IT'S MIRACULOUS! HERE I AM, BACK IN THE PRESENT, AND MY WORD IS GONE! I DON'T EVEN HAVE A SCRAPER TO SHAVE!

THAT NIGHT, MATLIN CELEBRATED IN ADVANCE THE FORTHCOMING ORDERS, AT A SWANK DINNER PLACE WITH HIS FRIENDS...

ARTHUR, YOU SOUND SO CONFIDENT ABOUT THE BUSINESS! WHICH CAN WE GET MARRIED?





A REPORT FROM THE AIRPLANE FACTORY LINKED THE BULLET WITH THE GUARD'S GUN...

MY FIANCÉE CAN TELL YOU IT CAME SO SUDDEDLY... AND THERE WAS NO SIGHTING!

A GUARD FIRED A .44 CALIBER TWENTY MILES AWAY AND THE BULLET TURNED UP IN YOUR SHOULDER IN A NIGHT CLUB! THESE SERIOUS FOR THE UNSOLVED FILES!



ONCE FULLY RECOVERED, MATLIN THRUSTED FOR REVENGE AGAINST THE GUARD. CORRIDORS CAME AT HIS BIDDING.

YOU ARE ABUSING YOUR POWERS, MATLIN! THE SCORE WILL SURELY BE SETTLED ONE DAY!

THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NOT ONE OF MY ACTS CAN BE TRACED; THEY ARE ALWAYS DONE IN THE FUTURE. AND I MUST PUT THIS GUARD OUT OF THE WAY!



THE GUARD WAS AN EASY MARK FOR MATLIN'S REVENGE...

THAT BLOW WOULD KILL AN OLD MAN NEVER BE IDENTIFIED BY NAME.



AN ALARM'S BEEN SET OFF! I MUST GET OUT BEFORE IT IDENTIFIES ME!



BLINDED BY FEAR, MATLIN RUSHED BLINDLY INTO A SNARE...



CHRONON CARRIED ME OUT OF THAT! TAKE ME BACK TO... A-HAARR!



OPEN-MOUTHED, THEY STARED AT EMPTY AIR;
ARTHUR HAD VANISHED.

WOW! SMOKY HE:
DISAPPEARED WITHOUT
A TRACE!

NOT EXACTLY! HIS WATCH
WAS TORN OFF AND
THERE'S SOME ENGRAVING
ON THE BACK OF IT. IT SAYS:
"SWARZCO TO ARTHUR HAWK BY THE
LIVE-MOTOR STUDY ENGINEERS
SOCIETY".

SILENTLY THROUGH THE THICK BARRIER, HAWK ARRIVED
IN HIS GARDEN.

NO—NO, I LOST MY
WATCH! CAN'T SEEM
TO RECALL WHERE...
IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.
WE CAN SEE THE
HOUSE LATER.



HOURLATER, AT THE NEW HOUSE, CONSTRUCTION
HAS BEGUN ON THE PLASTERING.

IT'S BEAUTIFUL, DANE! JUST THE THING I'VE
DREAMED OF! NOW LET'S SEE
THE VIEW FROM THE WINDOW!

BE CAREFUL,
ARTHUR, THE PLASTER
AND THAT ROPE...



WE GOT HIM IN TIME / WHAT
A FREAK ACCIDENT!

ARE YOU SURE YOU'LL BE ALL RIGHT? I'M FINE, DANE!
DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME /
I'LL GET SOME REST NOW.
GOOD NIGHT!

AAAH, WHAT A RELIEF!
I THOUGHT MY RECKS
WOULD BREAK...



BUT AS ARTHUR
ENTERED THE
HOUSE A NEW
TERROR ASSAULTED
HIM...

—WHAT'S THE MEANING
OF THIS? WHY HAVE YOU
COME HERE?

YOU DROPPED SOME-
THING AT THE WHALEY
AIRCRAFT PLANT! THIS
IS YOUR WATCH, CONTIN-



IT'S ME, ALL ALIVE HE'S THE KILLER! WE SAW HIM WALKING FROM THOSE FULLY ROPEY!

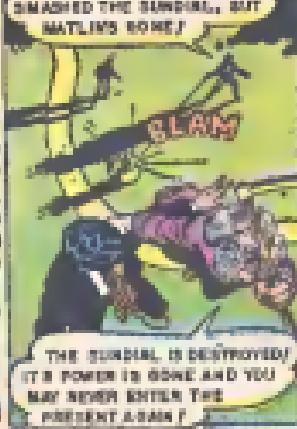
YOU WON'T LET ME? HAVE A POWER YOU'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO MATCH!

MATLAW BROKE AWAY AND RAN FOR THE SUNSHINE, SHOUTING FOR CHORON

THERE HE IS! LOOK AT THE CRAZY FOOL STANDING ON THE SUNSHINE! SHOT TO KILL!

CHORON DIED, BUT AS THEY HOVED OVERHEAD, BEFORE BREAKING THE TIME BARRIER...

NOW WHERE THE DEVIL DID HE DISAPPEAR? OUR BULLETS SMASHED THE SUNSHINE, BUT MATLAW'S BONE!



THE FUTURE RACED BY AT A
SPECTACULAR RATE...

WHAT IS
THIS? IT LOOKS LIKE ATOM
BOMBING!

THE YEAR 2040...
THE BEGINNING OF
WORLD WAR III!

CENTURIES WHIPPED BY BEFORE
MATLAW'S STRANGE JOURNEY...

IT'S BEAUTIFUL! CAN'T I STOP
HERE? START MY LIFE AGAIN?

THE SUN IS Dying AND THE ICE
ARE融ON THE EARTH!
THERE IS HOPE? I
LEFT?

FREEING? I
WANT TO GO BACK!
WHEN WILL THIS TERRIBLE
JOURNEY INTO THE FUTURE
END?



THEN MATLAW HEARD
THE TERRIBLE WORDS
LIKE THE STROKES OF
EVERLASTING DOOM...

STUPID METAL, THE JOURNEY WILL
NEVER END! TIME IS ETERNAL...
AND YOU ARE DOOMED TO WANDER
IN THE FUTURE FOREVER WITHOUT
REST! THERE IS NO TURNING
BACK! HAMDAHNAHNAHNAH...



THE END

BAFFLING MYSTERIES

#30

BUT ONE CHIEFTAIN WOULD NOT HEAR OF ANY MAN DARING ANY SUCH POWER.

MASTER, EL KABIR COMES THROUGH THE PASS TO OUR VILLAGE!

I WILL HEAD HIM OFF AND WAIT IN AMBUSH. I WILL KILL THIS INTRUDER BEFORE HE SWAYS MY PEOPLE FROM ME.



SO THERE IS LIFE REMAINING IN YOUR BODY. I WILL END IT WITH MY BLADE!

FOOLISH CHEIF! DO YOU BELIEVE YOU CAN KILL MY SPIRIT? I WILL RETURN TO COMPLETE MY MISSION! AHAAAHHH...



THE SADDENED CHEIF THEN SPURRED HIS HORSE INTO PURSUIT OF THE ARMED EL KABIR.

EHHH... DEATH TO EL KABIR...



EL KABIR FADED INTO THIN AIR AND REAPPEARED IN THE DISTANCE! AGAIN THE CHEIF PURSUED HIS ENEMY. THIS AWESOME SCENE REPEATED ITSELF UNTIL THE CHEIF DISAPPEARED OVER THE DISTANT DUNES, NEVER TO BE SEEN AGAIN. BUT THE PEOPLE OF THE DESERT HAVE NOT FORGOTTEN EL KABIR. HE IS SEEN RACING ACROSS THE DESERT TO THIS DAY, HELPING PEOPLE IN TROUBLE. THE SPIRIT OF A DEAD MAN WHO RETURNED FROM THE BEYOND TO COMPLETE HIS MISSION MADE FOR ANOTHER BAFFLING ENTRY IN THE ANNALS OF THE SUPERHUMAN.

YEARS AGO, WHEN WILD WARRIOR TRIBES ROAMED THE SAHARA DESERT, A LEADER APPEARED AND TRIED TO ORGANIZE THESE PEOPLE INTO ONE PEACEFUL NATION. EL KABIR, AS HE WAS KNOWN, WOULD FORGE ACROSS THE SANDS MANY MILES TO BRING TRIBAL CHIEFTAINS TOGETHER...

SOON...

AND RIGHT THROUGH THE HEART! BUT, I WILL MAKE SURE EL KABIR IS DEAD!



THE VILLOD THREW HIS DEAD VICTIM'S CORPSE INTO A DEEP RAVINE AND STARTED BACK TO THE VILLAGE. BUT AS HE APPROACHED...

ANHEEE! EL KABIR... HE IS ALIVE! I WILL KILL YOU AGAIN!



COME, FOOL, CHASE ME...

THE GHOST IN THE PORTRAIT

SEE YOU, MAMMY! IT ISN'T MEAN OF PEACE AND LOVE AND LONG-HAIR. BUT THERE IS A STORY IN THAT HOUSE... A STORY TO CURSE YOUR BLOOD!



HOLLY HAWTHORPE, A BURRINHO LOST FOR EVERYONE,
WONDERED IN THE ANXIETY DARNED OUT OF A HOUSE IN
THE MYSTIC ROOM. SHEER DELIGHTED WITH THE PAINTING
OF A MAN LONG DEAD HE UNCONSCIOUSLY FOR THREW IN
HIS IN THE PAINTING, AND AWESOME HORROR,
FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF THE GHOST IN THE PORTRAIT!

SEE THE GENTLE HILLS OF OUR NORTH
ENGLAND COUNTRY. IF IT IS THE HOME
OF COUNTRY WHERE A BODY SHOULD FIND
PEACE, BUT THAT WASN'T SO, FOR HERE,
THERE WAS ONLY TERROR
AND DEATH...



“ONCE, THIS ABANDONED HOME HAD AN UNOCCUPIED SPECTER
BY THE DAY CHRISTMAS. BUT THOSE WERE LONG
CONE PVENTS ONE SEPTEMBER AFTERNOON...

“WELCOME! WELCOME YOUNG
MASTER,
AND MISTRESS!



AYE AND YOURE GROWN INTO A FINE MAN PETER. COME IN. YOURE HOME. DONT FORGET PLEASE TO SHOW US TO OUR ROOMS.

THANKE, JONATHAN. DONT COME IN. IT ISN'T HOME. YOURE HOME. PLEASE TO SHOW US TO OUR ROOMS.

GETIN, P-E-T HWH? WHAT IS YOU AND YOUR SISTER DOING HERE? SEBASTIAN JONATHAN. DONT WALK IN. THIS HOUSE CAN MAKE ARRANGEMENTS AT THE END.

WHAT IS YOU AND YOUR SISTER DOING HERE? SEBASTIAN JONATHAN. DONT WALK IN. THIS HOUSE IS MINE. IT'S BEEN IN THE FAMILY FOR GENERATIONS.

THE AN EVIL HOUSE—ACCUSED! BUT YOU SO YOUNG, YOU MIGHT LISTEN. COME TALK TO ME. IN THE ATTIC IS AN OLD IRON TRUNK. SEASIDE WITH METAL SILVER. DO NOT OPEN THIS TRUNK!

JONATHAN. JONATHAN. YOURE A FOOLISH OLD MAN! STOP PRATTLING AND LET ME GO IN!

HOW DO YOU LIKE IT, MRS. ADELINE?

I DONT KNOW. I ALREADY TELL YOU I DONT GET USED TO THE PLACE.



SO, THEY ARRIVED INTO THE HOUSE, AND A FEW DAYS LATER...

AM, HERES IT IS! THE TRUNK JONATHAN DESCRIBED. WELL, ITLL SOON RAID OUT THE MYSTERY OF THE LOOSED TRUNK, JONATHAN! OH, JONATHAN!



YOU CALLED ME PETER! SO, YOUVE FOUND THE PUPPET. DONT DISTURB THE TRUNK. LET IT STAY HERE WITH ITS CONTENTS!

YOUVE PREHETED AN CLOTHES, JONATHAN. NOTHING CAN STOP ME FROM RAIDING OUT PUPPET IN IT. COME, MAN. GIVE ME A HAND. CARRYING IT DOWNSTAIRS.



THE CLOTHING CLOTHES, SIR. BUT IT'S AGAINST MY BETTER JUDGMENT. THESE ARE TERRIBLE EVIL LOOKED IN THIS TRUNK!

STOP IT, HOW. JONATHAN. YOURE JUST SEPARATING OLD FRIENDS. TALKS THREBES NOTHING IN THIS TOWN. THAT CAN CAUSE ANARCHY AND TROUBLE.



"DON'T YOU KNOW THAT YOUR GREAT-GRANDFATHER
LIVED IN THIS LIBRARY?"

"I TALK OF YOU, IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT.
YOU DON'T KNOW ME.
JONATHAN, IT'S OVER. AS
YOU CAN SEE, NOW, TO
LEARN WHAT'S IN HERE--
WHAT THIS TERRIBLE
EVIL IS."



"WHY... WHY
PETER... THE
PORTRAIT
LOOKS
EXACTLY
LIKE
YOU!"



"MR. DOWD, LISTEN TO HIM.
HE'S TALKING ABOUT THE
PORTRAIT. SOMETHING
IT TELL HIM
ABOUT THE
PORTRAIT. THE
EVIL ON
YOU. IT IS
ACCUSED."

"AND THIS
OLD HOUSE."

"HOMERIDGE! DON'T BE
A SILLY LITTLE GOOSE.
DARLING, NOTHING
CAN HURT US. WE'RE IN
LOVE, AND WE HAVE
YEARS OF HAPPINESS
BEFORE US."



"IN THE SAME ROOM FOLLOWED, THE PORTRAIT
MADE ME A MESSAGE TO YOUNG FOLK. HE
WOULD SPEND MORNING SICKNESS AT IT AND
TALKING TO IT."

"WHAT LIES BEHIND YOUR EVIL? IT IS AS
THOUGH YOU ARE TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING.
TELL ME YOUR SECRET.
TELL ME
YOUR SECRET!"



"WHEN CAME THAT FIGHT
AMONG AWAY?"

"WHO-- WHO YOUR GREAT GRAND-
FATHER IS? PETER!"



"THANKS TO YOU, I'VE
FOUND RELEASE. WHEN
YOU TOOK THE TEA
AND BROKE THE EGGS,
OF MELTED SILVER, AND
REMOVED MY PORTRAIT,
YOU FREED ME-- TO
TAKE MY BEVERAGE."



"WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?
THE JURY THAT CON-
VICTED ME TO BE
HANGED, FRIEND, I KILLED
MY WIFE IN A FIT OF
ANGER. I SHALL TEAR
OPEN THEIR COATS AND
DISPOSE OF THEM BY
SCATTERING THEIR BODIES!
THAT IS MY FIRST ACT,
NOW THAT I AM FREE!"



"AND THEN THE PUNISHED WENT ON HIS SHOULDERS!
MARRION, I HAVE FORGOTTEN THE COMFORTS THAT
RIGHT, AND SARAH!"

"THOSE FOOLS WHO CON-
DEMNED ME SHALL PAY AFTER ALL THESE YEARS. THEY
HAVE LIVED WHILE I HAVE SUFFERED THE TORMENT
OF THE DAMNED. DOOMED TO THE TERRIBLE FATE OF
THOSE WHO DIE UNSHIPPED!"

"THEY LIE, IN THE QUEST CHAMBERS
WHICH SHALL BE QUIET AND PEACEFUL
NO MORE!"



"THIS IS THE DEATH OF ROGER
WATSON, WHO WAS THE FOREMAN
OF THE JURY. HE SHALL BE FIRST
TO FEEL MY RAGE!"



"HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE DESTROYED YOU FOOL? OLD
YOU THINK YOU COULD STRIKE DOWN PETER MARSHALL,
WITHOUT KNOWING THE WEIGHT OF MY VENGEANCE IS
ON YOU!"



"THE SHADE OF PETER MARSHALL
FINISHED HIS FOOL, TAKING HIS
DECORATED SACK DOME OF THE
JURYMAN WHO HAD SENT HIM TO
THE GULF. TOO MANY HEADS
BROKEN!"



"BUT AS THE FIRST THROES OF
DARK APPEARED IN THE EAST..."

"THE DEAD IS GONE! NOW I MUST
GO BACK, FOR I CAN WANDER
ONLY BEFORE THE LIGHT OF
MORNING. BACK TO THE
CATHEDRAL THAT HOUSES
MY SPIRIT!"



"AND FINALLY PETER LET
PITCHED, THE PROFESSOR
ENTERTAINED HIS EAR
SEPARATE DRAFT ABOVE
ENTERTAINED ON AND
CARRIED THEM!"



I TOLD PETER ABOUT THE DISAPPOINTED GHOSTS
THE ARTIST MENTIONED.

PETER / TWELVE GHOSTS HAVE
BEEN DISAPPOINTED IN THE VALLEY.
YOU MUST TAKE DOWN THE
PORTRAIT. I KNOW WELL I
AM SAYING UNKNOWN IF I HAVE
RELEASED THE GHOST OF
YOUR ANCESTOR.

GET
OUT
OF
HERE.
YOU
OLD
FOOL!

PETER,
JONATHAN
IS RIGHT.
THE
PORTRAIT
IS EVIL!

THE PORTRAIT STAYS WHERE IT IS. I AM
THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSE! I DON'T
CARE WHAT HAPPENS IN THE VALLEY!

OH...
PETER!

THE EVIL OF THE PORTRAIT HAS
MORTIFIED YOU. IT HAS CAST ITS
SPELL, AND
GET AWAY FROM ME!
LET ME
ALONE!

WHAT ABOUT A BOLD STROK. BRIGHT FROM THE HELL AND
WAKE GREAT BOLTS OF LIGHTNING STRUCK OUT AND
PETER HAD TO HELP A GHOST FROM WITH THE
GHOST!

CAN THIS ALL BE TRUE? CAN IT BE
HAPPENING TO ME AND YOU A FRACTION OF MY BRAINS?
PERHAPS I AM AL... PERHAPS MY MIND HAS BEEN
PLAYING TRICKS...

NO, I AM HERE. ALREADY I
HAVE PAID BACK THE TRAVEL
OF THEM-- A DEBT THAT HAS
BEEN LONG OUTSTANDING. BUT
TODAY I SHALL FIND THE
REST I HAVE SOUGHT FOR
MANY YEARS...

I WAS A HUNDORE, AND WENT
TO MY GRAVE UNCOINED,
CURSED TO ETERNAL REVENGE
IN MY OWN PORTRAIT TO
PUNISH FOR MY EVIL DEED.
UNTIL...

YES, UNTIL ONE OF MY OWN
BLOOD HAS COMMITTED THE
SAME KIND OF CRIME, AND
DIED ON THE SAME DAY AS
I DID!



"MURKIN... SINCE THAT PORTRAIT HAS BEEN
HANGING, PETER IS A CHAMOIS
MAN. HE IS CRUEL AND VIOLENT. I CAN'T GO ON
LIVING THIS ANYMORE. I'LL GO DOWNSTAIRS
AND FACE HIM..."



"PETER, I WANT TO TALK
WITH YOU. I -- THE
PORTRAIT, THE CANVAS
IS BLANK, AND STANDING. I WALKED
UP TO YOU. HE..."

"YES? THE
GHOST OF
PETER,
GO BACK
TO YOUR
BEDROOM
MADAME!"



"NO! SHE WILL STAY. PETER,
FOR SHE HAS AN ABSOLUTELY
IMPORTANT ROLE -- SHE WILL
IN THE FINAL ACT. I'M
OF COURSE, DRAMA -- DRAMA!"



"AS I HAVE TOLD YOU, PETER, I
WENT TO MY GRAVE UNDEAD YESTERDAY
AND THIS CURSE BE UPON ME
UNTIL ONE OF MY OWN BLOOD
COMMITTING THE SAME KIND OF
CRIMES, AND ONE THE SAME
DEATH I END!"



"DON'T
YOU SHALL NOT SIT AT MY
TABLE, BUT AT TABLE
MURKIN! HE WILL DO
AS I TELL, FOR I MIGHT CAST
A SPELL ON HIM. HE WILL
KILL YOU, BE HANGED FOR
THE MURKIN, AND I SHALL
THEN FIND ETERNAL SILENCE!"



"HELP! HELP!
THERE IS NO HELP! NO ONE CAN RESCUE YOU ABOVE
THE WIND AND THUNDER! IT IS A PIT HEAVEN FOR
THIS DEED!"



"KILL HER! PLACE YOUR HANDS ON HER
NECK AND STRANGLE HER, AS I
KILLED MY WIFE! DO YOU HEAR ME?"





DAISYLINE - WHAT HAPPENED? I SAW YOU DARLING, BUT I HAD A HORRIBLE NIGHTMARE! THERE IS NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF ANYMORE.

AND THAT'S THE STORY. THESE TWO YOUNG PEOPLE REPEATED THE SIGHTED EYL THAT WOULD HAVE DESTROYED THEM. NOW, WHERE THERE WAS HATE AND UNHAPPINESS, THERE IS ONLY LOVE AND JOY!



THE MEDIUM'S WARNING

BRIGHT TO INFORM YOU, MRS. JOYSON LIVED IN LONDON, YESTERDAY. ACCORDING HER BRIEF, WAS BURIED ABBEY CHAPEL, THURSDAY.

CLAY HEMMINGTON, AMERICAN JOURNALIST

Henry Joyson held the cablegram in his hand for a long moment, staring at its message, and then finally he crumpled it in his hand.

"Any message, sir?" the startled messenger boy he'd left standing on the threshold asked as he started to turn away.

"No," Henry said abruptly. Then as the messenger started to leave, he said, "Wait a minute. Yes, there is. Give me one of those blanks."

Quickly he snatched the blank and scribbled *Arranging by plane to claim wife's effects—Henry Joyson.*

Henry Joyson was a man of action, and the moment the door closed behind the messenger, he strode upstairs and began packing. He knew there wasn't a moment to lose; he must get to England without delay.

For a moment, as he locked his grip, he seemed to hear Gloria's voice saying softly the words from the marriage ceremony that had taken place just six short months ago: "Remember, Henry, it's until death do us part . . ."

"That's what she'd said right after they were married—and that's what she'd reminded him of when he'd asked—no, pleaded for a divorce, sick of this woman who was always clinging to him, who seemed to have no life, no desire, no interests other than loving him. When he'd asked for his freedom, she'd lifted her pale face, still filled with an daughte expression of devotion, and she'd said lovingly, 'No, Henry, I won't. Remember, Henry, it's until death do us part.'

And it was her words that had given him the idea, at first a shocking, abhorrent idea, and later one that he became used to. If she were dead, he would be free—and then, he would have the wealth of his rich, dead wife to indulge his hating-loving heart. But now something had gone wrong. She had died too soon, he knew as he slammed the door behind him, and made his frantic dash for the airport.

The trip across the Atlantic seemed interminable to Henry Joyson, and the moment he'd cleared through customs in England, he went immediately to the American Embassy in search of Clay Hemmington who had sent the cablegram.

"Mr. Henry Joyson," he announced without preliminaries. "I've come in the matter of my wife's death."

Clay Hemmington proved to be a tall, slow-spoken Westerner, with a drawl that strained Henry's patience. He thumbed through a file of cards and finally extracted one that read, "Joyson, Gloria, deceased."

"Ah, yes," Hemmington said. "Very sad and unexpected, your wife's death."

"Of course," Henry said impatiently. "But I'm here to claim my wife's effects and take her body back to America."

Clay Hemmington lifted his eyebrows. "I'm afraid that's impossible," he said. "Your wife was buried in Abbey Chapel in accordance with her request. But her effects are in the next room if you care to go through them or, take them with you."

Left alone in the next room, Henry Joyson began eagerly to paw through the contents of his dead wife's existence. Letters—his, her clothes, a few trinkets—and when he'd finished, they were not there. The thing he'd dreaded had happened, the jewels, the precious jewels he'd killed her for were gone.

Finally finished, Henry leaned against the wall and lit a cigarette. Everything had gone well up until that last moment, that last action that was to bring him wealth upon his careful plans.

When the idea of killing her finally took root in his mind, he'd fed her careful doses of arsenic in her food until she grew pale and listless and complained of pain. And then he had suggested casually to her one evening, "Darling, why don't you take a trip abroad? I can't get away, but it would do you a world of good."

"I'll miss you terribly," he'd continued tenderly, "but then there will be the excitement of having you return to me." He'd held his mouth awaiting her reply while his hand tenderly caressed her hair.

"All right, Henry," she'd said obediently. "If you think it's best for me." She turned her large, luminous, pale blue eyes upon him, devouring him. It seemed to Henry, with their glance,

She'd taken her jewels with her, that vast fortune which it was her idiosyncrasy always to carry with her. And when he'd cautioned her about carrying them abroad, she'd written from England, "I've put them in a safe place, somewhere where

so one will get at them."

But after she'd left, her levens had become gayer as she regained her strength, and finally she expressed her longing for him and her wish to return.

Henry had granted that wish, bade her come back to him, and then when he'd known exactly when her ship was sailing, he'd sent the box of chocolates, such one carefully filled in its center with poison. He'd mailed the box to the ship, sure it would be delivered to her once she was on board. Then, according to his plan, he would be at the dock to receive his dead wife when the boat landed. There would be no guilt, no suspicion attached to him—and the jewels she always carried, with her would have been his.

Now, from Clay Henningson, he'd learned what had gone wrong. The ship had delayed sailing, and the chocolates had been forwarded to Gloria at her hotel. And now she was dead and buried in England beyond his reach, and the jewels were beyond his grasp.

And now, as Henry Joyson left the Embassy and walked slowly down the street, he determined he would not leave London until he found that treasure. For hours he prowled the murky, fog-bound streets, trying to figure out where his wife would have secured the jewels. And it was then, perhaps by chance or maybe by design that he came across the small shop that bore the sign, "Madame Zara, Medium," and beneath it the inscription, "I contact the dead."

The idea came full-blown to him, and without hesitation he opened the door and entered the dark-draped room with the crystal ball upon the table, the star of Zodiac hanging just above, and Madame Zara seated in the chair as if she were expecting him.

Quickly Henry stated his purpose, and Madame Zara moved closer to the table and prepared to invoke Gloria's spirit. And then in the midst of her incantations she stopped and stared at Henry.

"The spirit claims you harmed her," she stated. "She does not wish to speak to you."

"Can you make her?" Henry demanded.

"I can compel her to speak, but remember, if you have evil on your heart toward her, to take what belongs to the murdered dead gives them a supernatural power—beyond the grave evil you."

For a moment Henry hesitated, but then the thought of possessing the jewels overcame him. "A ghost can do me no harm, I demand that the spirit answer me."

Madame Zara fell silent in her concentration, and finally the room filled with a bluish light, and before Henry's stunned gaze Gloria took a translucent form. She was wrapped in her grave shroud, the white cloth flowing around her, and her large blue eyes were filled now with a hate that crowded around the room.

"You killed me," she moaned. "You murdered me, and now you won't let me rest."

Henry Joyson clenched the arms of his chair. "The jewels," he demanded hoarsely. "Where did you put them?"

For a moment she stood there, and there was silence as she refused to answer him.

"What did you do with the jewels?" Henry demanded in a louder voice. "You must answer me, you bodiless, spineless creature! I command you to."

"I hid them," she said in a wailing whisper. "I hid them in the woods back of the hotel."

Henry rose in his chair, and now anger replaced any trace of fear in him. In death as in life, Gloria was his to command. "Show me where they are," he demanded.

Slowly she walked ahead of him, down the stairs, and her white grave shroud floated behind her so that he could almost touch it. It was midnight, dark outside and faintly, with no passersby. They traversed the streets that way, and when they passed under a lamp post, the light shone through her as though fog that had capriciously taken shape. And finally they came to the hotel and to the grounds that surrounded it, and she stopped before one tree whose trunk was old and hollow.

Unable to restrain himself longer, Henry dashed toward the treasure, but she stood in front of it.

"They are mine, these jewels," she said in a wailing whisper. "They belong to me. You murdered me for these jewels, but they are mine in death as in life. Take them, and you marry me again to death!"

But Henry Joyson plunged through the apparition guarding it and seized the chest of jewels. He knew victory as he felt the smooth leather box in his hands, and he heard the precious stones, loose within, roll against each other with his movements.

The shroud had torn apart like wings of fog when he had plunged through it, but now he was suddenly aware that it had reformed and enveloped him, so that he was enclosed in a cold, swirling mist through which he could not see.

And then he felt her cold hands about him, clutching at him, and she said in a loving whisper, "Now, Henry, you are mine once again!"

Even as he tried to twist out of the grip of the thing that held him, the shroud tightened around his throat and he could not breathe. He clutched the jewel case tightly to him, and with his other hand he tore madly at the wrapping entwining him, but finally his struggles ceased and he knew no more . . .

Thus they found Henry Joyson the next morning. He lay upon the cold, dew-soaked grass, and one arm still encircled the chest of jewels. He looked much as though he'd been overcome by some swift and sudden ailment, the blood rushing all to his head—but then there was the piece of torn white cloth he clutched in his other hand—the sort of cloth that is used unmistakably by under-takers in shrouding the dead.

PROFESSOR HEDD CHARTERS HEADED AN EXPEDITION INTO THE ARCTIC MUSHROOM... SEARCHING FOR POSSIBLE URANIUM DEPOSITS DEEP INTO THE NORTH THEY WENT, INTO AREAS NEVER BEFORE PENETRATED. BUT IT WASN'T UNTIL THEY FACED THE WERD VALLEY OF ENMIRE THAT THE FIRST HEAT OF DISASTER CAME THEIR WAY... A SUCCESS COUPLED WITH BLOOD-CHILLING TERROR AND A

CRIMSON WRAITH FROM THE NORTH



SUCH TALK IS
NORMOUS! IT'S
FOR SILLY WOMEN
...NOT US! WE'RE
NOT AFRAID OF
BUSH-TAPER -
STUTUS NOT.
THEY YOU ARE
ALONE I -AND
MY MAN-WILL
NOT ENTER THE
VALLEY OF SMOKE
FOR HUNDREDS OF
YEARS! OUR PEOPLE
HAVE STAYED
AWAY FROM THERE!



THE PROFESSOR REACHED THE
MADNESS, AND HE AND HIS MICH
WALKED SLOWLY DOWN INTO THE
VALLEY...

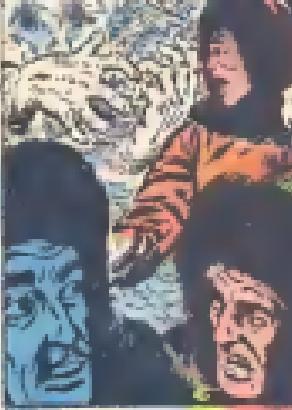
THIS PLACE DOESN'T
HAVE AN EVIL FEEL
ABOUT IT!

PROBABLY THE
POWER OF
SUGGESTION...

THAT'S ALL!



THEIR SUGGESTION... THE HORROR
STRUCK! PROFESSOR... LOOK
OUT! THE SMOKE!



THEY HAD NO CHANCE TO RUN... NO ONE TO HEAR
THEIR SCREAMS OF TERROR!



NOTWITHSTANDING THAT NO EXPEDITION DIED OR DIED
LATER, ANOTHER EXPEDITION FOUND ITS WAY TO THAT
SAINT DESTROY...

THIS IS A WILD-SOON CHAOS.
I HAVE IT'S BEEN SO LONG
IN THEIR VICINITY, AND
SINCE YOUR FATHER
DISAPPEARED... I'M NOT STOPPING UNTIL I
FIND SOME TRACES OF WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM.



UP AHEAD... LET'S SEE THAT
WASN'T BETTY



JANE CHARTERS AND GENE HAWKIN
WALKED INTO THE VALLEY OF SMOKE
UNPREPARED FOR THE HORROR
THAT AWAITS THEM...

IT'S TERRIBLE, THAT GHAULY
GHOUL... TERRIBLY - A LOSS OF

TERIOR OR
THEIR FACE AND
THEY'RE COMPLETELY
DRAINED OF BLOOD!
WHAT COULD IT
HAVE BEEN?



TH- THEY'RE ALL HERE... EXCEPT
DAD! HOW WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED TO HIM!



DAD! YOU-- YOU'RE ALIVE! IS IT
HARDLY BEING POSSIBLE?

BUT IT IS, JANE
IT IS!

IN HER GREAT JOY AT SEEING HER
FATHER ALIVE AND WELL, JANE
DIDN'T NOTICE THE STRANGENESS
OF HIS EYES.

I--I DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED,
OR WHY I AM ALIVE. BUT NOW, ALL
I WANT TO DO IS LEAVE THIS PLACE
AND GET BACK HOME, AGAIN.

SOON THEY WERE ON A SHIP bound
FOR SAN FRANCISCO, AND HOME.

WHAT'S GOING ON? I--I DON'T
KNOW. DAD, YOU'VE
BEEN SO QUIET EVER SINCE WE STARTED
THIS JOURNEY. I DON'T KNOW
WHAT'S GOING ON. I DON'T
KNOW EXACTLY WHAT
TO SAY. IT'S
JUST THAT
YOUR DAD
DON'T SEEM TO ME
THE SAME.
SOMETHING'S DOING...

SLOWLY, A MASS-CHOKING SMOKE OF TERROR
RAN THROUGH THE DARKNESS.

AIEEEE

GOOD LORD!
WHAT CAN THAT BE?

IT'S A
SAILOR!
THAT SMOKE IT SEEMS TO BE COMING
FROM HIS BODY!

HE'S DEAD...
BLOODYLESS...
JUST LIKE THOSE
WHERE WE FOUND
YOUR FATHER!

EPIC THE
SMOKER... IT--IT'S
MOVIE ROMANCE.
DAD'S SAVING

SLOWLY BREATHED WITH A LIFE
OF HIS OWN, THE STRANGE SMOKE OF
SMOKE MOVED ALONG THE DECK...

WHAT CAN IT MEAN?
I DON'T KNOW, JANE
BUT I HAVE A
FEELING YOUR DAD'S
GONE TO NEED
SOME HELP!

BUT PROFESSOR CHARTERS NEEDS
NO HELP AT ALL, FOR

PROFESSOR CHARTERS
YOU'RE IN DANGER!

WHAT ARE YOU TWO
SHOUTING ABOUT?
EVERYTHING'S QUITE
ALL RIGHT!

TH-THANK HEAVENS!
I WAS TERRIBLY
WORRIED...

YOU WORRY TOO
MUCH, MY DEAR...
MUCH TOO MUCH...

THERE'S SUCH A FEELING OF EVIL
IN THIS ROOM! I WONDER IF THE
PROFESSOR HAS ANYTHING TO DO
WITH IT?

NO EVIDENCE WAS EVER FOUND
FOR THE THE STRANGE DEATH OF
THE SAILOR... AND THE HORROR OF
THAT NIGHT WAS QUICLY FORGOT-
TEN IN THE JOY OF HOMECOMING...

THE GOLDEN GATE!
I NEVER THOUGHT I'D
LIVE TO SEE IT AGAIN!

THE FIRST NIGHT BACK HOME
WE A CELEBRATION,
AND THE DINNER JANE COOKED
WAS A COMPLETE SUCCESS...

WONDERFUL, JANE!... WONDERFUL!
NOW ILL GO INTO THE STUDY
FOR A SMOKE...

I'LL GO WITH
YOU, DAD...

AFTER JANE AND THE PROFESSOR
HAD BEEN INTO THE STUDY, GREG
WENT TO THE CLOSET TO GET HIS
PIPE FROM HIS COAT...

A PORTABLE CIGAR COUNTER! JUST
LIKE THE PROFESSOR TO LEAVE IT
LYING AROUND IN A CLOSET!

WONDER IF IT'S STILL WORKING?
I'LL ASK HIM...

WHAT DO YOU
HAVE THERE?

A CIGAR COUNTER I FOUND IN THE CLOSET.
I WAS JUST CURIOUS ABOUT IT... WONDERING
IF IT WERE STILL ANY GOOD...



...WHEN THE PROFESSOR LEAPED FROM HIS CHAIR
AND RAN AWAY FROM THE LABORATORY...

KEEP THAT
THREE AWAY
FROM ME!

— I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! IT'S
FICKLING LOUDLY! THAT MEANS
THERE'S SOMETHIN' RADIO-
ACTIVE IN THIS ROOM!



IT'S YOU! YOU'RE RADIACTIVE! BUT NO HUMAN
BEING COULD SURVIVE THAT MUCH
RADIACITY AND STILL BE
ALIVE! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!

YOU — YOU
HAD TO BROOKS
YOU SUSPECT.



THEY'LL TELL YOU THE TRUTH,
YOU FOOLISH C'W NOT REALLY THE
PROFESSOR... I MERELY LOOK
LIKE HIM! I'M PART OF THE FOE
FROM THE VALLEY OF SMOKE!

I—I DON'T
UNDERSTAND!



ALL THE STRENGTH OF THE FOE
COMES FROM THE URANIUM DE-
POSITS IN THAT AREA! WE
DESTROYED THE CRIMINAL EXP-
EDITION TO KEEP THE WORLD
FROM KNOWING ABOUT THE URANIUM
AND DESTROYING THE BASIS OF OUR
STRENGTH! WHEN YOU CAME, I
TOOK THE FORM OF THE PROFESSOR
SO I COULD GO BACK TO CIVIL-
IZATION WITH YOU... TO MAKE SURE
NO NEWS OF THE URANIUM WAS
DISCOVERED!



B—BUT
THE
SAILOR
ON THE
SHIP...

DON'T YOU SEE, MY
DEAR? WHILE I'M AWAY
FROM THE VALLEY OF
SMOKE, I CAN ONLY MA-
INTAIN MY STRENGTH BY
PRAYING ON THE LIFE-
FORCE OF HUMANS...
ABANDONING THEM BUDGET
I HAD TO KILL THE
SAILOR! AND, OF COURSE,
I'LL HAVE TO KILL YOU!



THE INJURER FROM THE NORTH MOVED CLOSER TO THEM, EVERY
STEP A PROMISE OF DEATH...

KEEP AWAY! WAYNE FIRE WILL
WHAT CAN
WE DO?



BOY DON'T! DON'T
COME NEAR ME WITH
THAT FIRE!

IT WORKS, JAKE
IT WORKS!



GREG PRODUCED HIS ADVANTAGE AND MOVED CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE TRAP, RAPTORING AT THE PROFESSOR, UNTIL

"I'LL BE BACK /
DON'T WORRY...
I'LL BE BACK!"



"IT'S SO TERRIBLE! /
TO THINK THAT DAD
SHOULD BECOME
THAT—THAT
MONSTER!"

"BUT THAT WASN'T YOUR
DAD, JANE. YOU'VE GOT
TO UNDERSTAND! YOUR
FATHER DIED IN THE VALLEY
OF SMOKE WITH THE REST OF
THE FOOL DEVILS. IN HIS
EXPOSITION, THAT THING WAS
JUST AN ILLUSION!"

BUT HOW WE HAVE OTHER PROBLEMS! THAT
MONSTER SAID IT FEEDS ON THE LIFE-FORCE
OF HUMANS! WE'VE GOT TO CONTACT
THE POLICE... JANE, THEN!"



"BUT GREG HAD FORGOTTEN HOW FANTASTIC HIS STORY
WOULD SEEM TO OTHERS..."

"BUT YOU MUST
BELIEVE ME!"



GREG WENT AT... FRANTIC, HORRIBLE REACTIONS, DURING WHICH SEVERAL PEOPLE WERE FOUND DEAD... THEIR
FACES TWISTED IN TERROR... FAIR MEN EMPTYED OF BLOOD!



"JANE, IS JANE GOING TO STAY? AS YOU KNOW, I DON'T WANT HER TO..."

"ARE YOU SURE YOU
STILL WANT TO SLEEP
HERE, GREG? IT
MIGHT NOT ALL RIGHT
BY NOW..."

"I DON'T THINK SO. SOONER OR
LATER, HE'LL COME BACK HERE
TO KILL US! AS LONG AS
WE'RE ALIVE, WE PRESENT
A THREAT TO HIM!"



"AND THAT NIGHT, IT HAPPENED..."

"AHHHHH!"

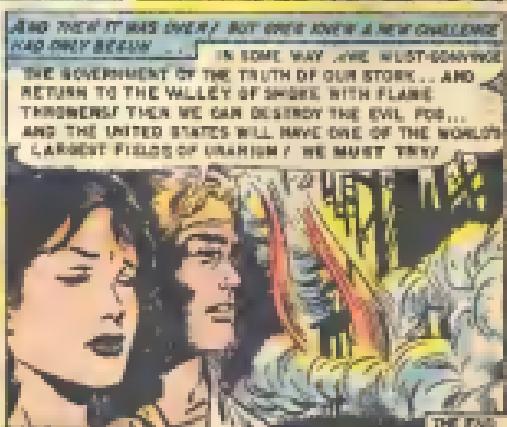
"IT'S
JANE!"



GUARDIAN
A FLAMING
FORGE THAT HAD
BEEN KEPT
IN CONSTANT
READINESS.
SHE
RAISED
UP THE
STAKES...
BUT
WORKED
FORCED BY THE
SCREAMS OF TERROR
THAT
BURST
AGAINST
HER EARS...



THERE
WASN'T A
MOMENT
TO SPARE.
THE
FLAMES
SPREAD
MORE
RAPIDLY
THAN
SHE HAD
PREDICTED
AND THE
TWO SURVIVORS
HAD JUST
ENOUGH
TIME TO
REACH THE
FRONT
DOOR...



"Uncle Bernie's" FUN SHOP

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A black and white illustration of a woman in a hula outfit standing in a doorway, holding a small child. She is smiling and waving. The doorway is framed by a decorative border. To the right, a sign on a building reads "KONA COFFEE HAWAIIAN COFFEE". Below the doorway, a small dog sits on the floor. The overall style is a vintage advertisement.

An illustration of a metal car action fleet. It features a large, dark-colored sedan in the foreground, a smaller car behind it, and a truck to the right. In the background, there are several smaller cars and a person. The scene is set against a dark, textured background.

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